LETTERS

Write to SOUNDS, Spotlight House, 1 Benwell Road, London, N7 7AX.

Tacky ticket tale

I was disgusted at the number of tickets being offered in this week's SOUNDS for the Rolling Stones concerts. My son originally sent off for two tickets immediately after reading in your paper, first come first served. Last weekend his money was returned with a useless voucher for a Stones L.P. which he, like most Stones fans, already has. Against my wishes he rang one of the numbers advertised and was asked £50 for a £4 ticket. What young person can find that sort of money? All I hope is that legislation comes in soon against leeches who exploit genuine fans. — **Mrs J. Williams, Stanwell, Staines, Middx.**

Tied up at the moment dept.

I RELATE the following conversation (overheard in the doorway of a Soho alley) because I think it proves a point about SOUNDS. That EVERYBODY is taking it — even white raincoat punishment parlours.

Man: "I'd like a good spanking".

Girl: "Of course, sir. What do you prefer — bamboo cane, cat o'nine-tails, ebony ruler or leather riding crop?"

Man: "Bamboo cane, please. Don't foreget a couple of scatter cushions to put on the bench".

Girl: "Bandages and Dettol for afterwards?"

Man: "No, I'd like a bottle of lager and a plate of cold beef sandwiches — plenty of mustard".

Girl: "Did you bring your own ankle-chains, canine harness, green PVC bed-sheet and cricket gloves?"

Man: "Naturally. But I have this think about being tied up with a plastic clothes-line — or, if you haven't got one, a couple of knotted pyjama cords".

Girl: "Would you like a copy of SOUNDS to read while our Miss Kane administers therapy?"

Man: "You bet — especially if there's a Mick Brown article inside. And put Don Woody's 'Barking Up The Wrong Tree' on the Dansette record player. The barking noises really turn me on".

Girl: "That will be six quid + VAT. I'll go and 'scrub up'."

— **Yours, etc., Stuart "Woof Yowl!" Wester, Tulse Hill, London SW2.**

The thin white corner

MY DAD said we should feel very sorry for David Bowie because of what he said about facism. We are a Jewish family and my Dad's parents died in a concentration camp. I think you should have denounced him a bit more strongly. Loads of kids are now going to 'get off' on the facism thing without knowing what the true implications are. O.K. Bowie wasn't serious but the joke was a bit sick. — **Ben, Bristol.**

Thank you for page 17, SOUNDS May 15. If it wasn't for your review of the Bowie concert we readers wouldn't appreciate the full extent of your complete knowledge in every aspect of artistic appreciation. As a bonus, the little piece about the concert wasn't bad either.

Would you be awfully embarrassed if I pin-pointed for readers that missed it, just how many times I was impressed with your erudition.

1. The *real* story behind the concert. I had thought that David just wanted to meet his fans and make some money. But the psychology of his need to apologise — a rare insight into a pop star's psyche.
2. A lesson in surrealism for us plebs that couldn't wait for the man himself, and sat impatiently through 'Un Chien Andalou'. Yes the images were, as you say, 'delirious'. But until you put me right I was tempted to think of the 'Emperor's New Clothes' where only the cognoscenti could see and appreciate. You *knew* though didn't you? And that bit about Kenneth Anger — unashamed 'classic hip chic' that.
3. A brief dissertation on theatrical lighting. Yes I agree, 'White Light' (perhaps only you knew that this is only a semi-official title) is indeed 'newer than yesterday'.
4. This was a clever move. If you had likened Bowie's kicks to Frankie Vaughan (in his heyday) not only would you have been showing your age, but also, as you chose the oriental Bruce Lee, it presented you with an ideal opportunity to bring in your fascinating knowledge of disembowement and it's roots in oriental art.

It was a disappointment that you had to put in a passing reference to the concert at this stage in your article, I felt that I was really getting to know you. I was in danger of being bored by the mundane commentary of Bowie's act when you gratuitously mentioned Al Jarreau. A great move, just one thing — was he there! Is he in the band? Or is he to be added to the list of impressive incidentals.

5. Finally the vocabularly — 'Frisson of Salsa'. Immaculate! Dare I say that the way that phrase crawled out of your seething prose and sat up twitching at me was very reminiscent of the ants in 'Le Chien Andalou' . . . Oops! Look at me — I'm learning already.

To sum up Vivien, I'm impressed with your audacity. Not least by the clever use of the final sentence (abused as it was by lack of verb). Surely this was surrealism at it's most surreal.

Only someone with your savoir faire could sum up in two words all that I felt about your article. Page 17 wasn't for me who pays you, it wasn't for David and the band who are afterall your raison d'etre, not for your poor overworked Editor, nor for the greater edification of mankind — that page was just for you.

For the first time the reporter had outshone the event. — **Yours sincerely, Bob Ireland, Worcester Park, Surrey.**

OK, OK, OK, let's not all jump on the bandwagon, huh? Lets all think individuality and awareness for once in our lives. You cynics get me down, all right? Let's get that on the record straightaway. I won't say anything more about you: I preach love not war, but why all the destruction brothers, why all the destruction? My aunt's dying: wanna slate her while you're at it?

Let's take Bowie, or rather, let's just love him and I mean what I say. He's not just cosmic, brothers, he's positively inter-galactic! Hari Krishna's peace train had nothing on this bloke! The ethereal star hopper striding from planet to planet, the spiritual preserves of the '70's, the human conscience of the '80's, hey, come on, let's face it — the man who fell to earth — find the light hard to bear, eh? He's on Phoenix, and I'm on Phoenix. Hi down there! You look kinda small.

Listen, fellow members of the human race; I'm into Bowie, Bowie's into existence and existence is what we're all about, isn't it?

Anyone gonna join me? — **From the self-appointed Alpha of the Cult of the Astral Star Climbers, Simon 'Kahoutek' Parke, Winchelsea (but only in body).**

DEAR VIVIEN,

I really felt I should write to sort of thank you. I read your review of the 'Bowie' concert at Wembley. I would have dearly loved to see him this time, having followed his music but having never seen him 'live'.

I have seen films of him on stage and like you said, forget the songs and the band, just watch the guy. Also the things you said about his new songs especially, 'Stay', touched me as much as his music touches me. I think I am quite tuned in to the same feelings you put across in your review. Wow this man's a genius or something.

Anyway, thanks for doing a sincere talent and person justice in the press. (I am a bit biased mind you). — **Pat Hayter, Solihull, W. Midlands.**

Tee hee

YOU ARE failing to report on one of the best nouveau rock acts since 'old leather arse' died — GIGGLES.

They rock, they act, they excite and perform to the highest possible standard — yet you ignore them.

Wise up — **F. W. Sawkins, Barking Road, Plaistow, London.**

Giant schlepps

I WOULD like to thank the large crowd of noisy, inebriated, uncultured, stupid foolish, slobs who successfully, with loudly sung football songs, stamping of the feet, very loud shouting and incessant clapping, utterly ruined a Gentle Giant concert which I had travelled over 240 miles to see.

Added to the matchbox-like auditorium, the average crowd, the disgusting acoustics and the fact that we couldn't even get a pint until early evening, it didn't make the day one to remember.

You're on your eighth album Giant and you are big boys now, you need gigs like Malvern, Winter Gardens like you need holes in the head. - **A devoted Giant admirer, Ammanford, South Wales.**

Beat poetess

PEOPLE LIKE Patti Smith should be put down. — **David Hendry, (no address supplied).**

Fred's back, front and sides

LET ME tell you about the greatest rock star that has ever lived.

He's got silky jet black hair, beautiful brown eyes, fabulous eyelashes, divine eyebrows, a cute little nose, luscious lips, pearly white teeth, a gorgeous chin, sweet ears, a lovely neck, an exotic hairy chest, delicate fingernails, long slender legs and tiny dainty feet, not to mention his biggest asset!

He's *extremely talented,* pretty and so sexy.

FREDDIE MERCURY is God's gift to the world!

— **From Freddie Mercury's Slave, Swindon, Wiltshire.**

Abba v. Stones

I WAS interested to see that after a couple of weeks in the album charts the Rolling Stones new L.P. is still only at number two, while Abba retain first place for the second week running.

After all the hype about ticket applications for the Stones' concerts being anything up to three million I am somewhat perplexed. Does this mean that Stones fans are quite willing to send off £3 per head on the off-chance of getting a ticket but can't be bothered to buy the album, or alternatively are Abba more popular than the Stones as record sales would suggest? Perhaps an Abba Tour might receive six million application for tickets. — **John Evans, Kensington Green, Chester.**

Big El — fading fast

I WOULD be most grateful if you printed my letter in the letter section. My letter goes as follows:

Dear Elvis Fans (and others),

Whether you like it or not (I know someone who won't), face up to the facts — Elvis is dying fast. — **Edmund Aries, Sunbury-on-Thames, Middx.**

Rabbit Plant

DEAR ROBERT PLANT

If you came to live with me and my bunny rabbits I will pay your tax. Then we can both go round and stuff rabbit pellets up Ian Anderson's right nostril. — **Yours affectionately, Lulu Higgins, (no address included).**

Still more Gilmour

IN REPLY to Chas Jacques letter of 15.5.76 I am writing to plead desperately for him to allow his brother's address to be printed in SOUNDS. Being a bit of a dramatist, I will then personally visit his brother and probably be given lots of publicity as a female raping a male is not so common in this country. Dave Gilmour is also invited to send you his address too, I'd gladly rape them both. — **Gloria Prikzukir, etc etc, Edinburgh.**

Kissed off

LAST NIGHT I went to see KISS, they were the worst band I've seen since Blue Oyster Cult who were themselves a load of trash. Some bands seems to think the louder the sound is the better, well, they are so wrong — you've got to have some skill which Kiss seem to lack.

Kiss blew it like Cult did, except Kiss had more corny effects. On the radio last night a guy compared them to the Bay City Rollers, he wasn't far out. Neither can play. — **A disappointed Ritchie Blackmore fan, Andrew Allen, Heaton Mersey, Stockport, Cheshire.**

Even more Kissed off

ON SATURDAY May 15, 1976, I witnessed the giant con of the year i.e. the well-publicised KISS concert. Here for the measly sum of £3.50 I could have got one programme, one poster, one scarf (£1 each) and a badge (50p).

Quickly avoiding the above items we took our places to see Americas hottest new export.

I can happily say Kiss are the biggest load of crap produced since the end of the world record for

Shoot him he's only *a* lyricist

BEFORE BERNIE Taupin says that Patti Smith has no relevance to Rock 'N' Roll in Sounds 15.5.76, he should consider his own relevance. Rock 'N' Roll in its highest form is about guts, energy and commitment; witness Dylan. Has Bernie ever written a lyric with an ounce of the commitment of 'Hurricane' or 'Hattie Carroll' or 'Hard Rain'? Has Elton ever achieved the raw energy of Patti's 'My Generation', 'Gloria' and 'Land'? No.

Patti may be female, but she's got more balls than Elt 'n' Bernie put together. She can rock 'n' roll, and her lyrics are meaningful and relevant not only to rock, but to the whole world today. Something that Bernie has never been, with the possible exceptions of 'Ticking' and 'Mona Lisa and Mad Letters'. Sure, Elt 'n' Bernie have produced lots of beautiful music, but what the hell has rock to do with beautiful music?

Most of our 'top' rock artists are not artists at all, only rich entertainers (Stones, Bowie, Elton etc). Patti Smith (and Dylan) are not only entertainers but messengers, with something real and worthwhile to say. Go and listen to 'Land' for 'Horses' and 'Like A Rolling Stone' and 'It's All Right Ma' Bernie, and don't talk till you know what you're talking about! — Michael P. Scott, Ayr, Scotland.